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**A PLAYED-OUT TENOR—FROM STAR TO STREET-SINGER.**

SIGNOR CONKLINGINI (*singing*):—When Grant slipped up upon his nomination,  
And failed to reach the presidential station,

Ten long years back it put this luckless nation.  
And hence I sing—I sing—in lonely—lo-ho-honely degradation!

## PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - - - JOS. KEPPLER  
 BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN  
 EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

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We cannot undertake to return Rejected Communications. We cannot undertake to send postal-cards to inquiring contributors. We cannot undertake to pay attention to stamps or stamped envelopes. We cannot undertake to say this more than one hundred and fifty times more.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A late and lazy Spring is gathering herself up for a running-jump that will land her over the border of Summer before we fairly know that she is here. It is true that nature has not as yet hung out many signs of the season. The trees in the parks are only a faint green; their sparse buds are as yet mere buttons; the patchy grass is yellow and brown as well as green, and cold rains and colder winds make us forget the few unnaturally hot days with which Providence has favored us, seemingly solely for the purpose of making us throw off our flannels and run the risk of getting a mahogany ulster in exchange. And yet we know beyond all doubt that the backbone of Spring is broken.

Why? It is not the democratic friendliness and frequency of the erstwhile exclusive strawberry that tells us this; it is not the gossamer thinness of the dude's overcoat; it is not the advent of the débutante Juliet in our city play-houses, for she hath all seasons for her own and the sheriff's. No, we have a firmer assurance than any one of these. We know that Summer is not far beyond our still cloudy horizon, for is not the organ-grinder abroad in the land? Within his prescribed hours—and sometimes before and after that accursed term—do not our brown-stone fronts echo back the old tunes which he has ground out for us since "Belle Hélène" was almost new, and all the bands played—"il Bacio"? The lowest con-

## ATTENTION, MERCHANTS!



PUCK'S PATENT SIAMESE DEFALCATION PREVENTER.

cert-hall will not put them on its programme, those old airs; but while the organ-grinder exists, we shall have them always with us. The poor are always with us—'tis as true of tunes as of men. And the only joy we shall have of them will be that their annual reappearance is a faithful harbinger of the Summer.

But even this little consolation is denied us when we have to listen to the groaning of the political organ. There is no hint of Summer in the discord of their pipes. There is one particular instrument that has of late set up a specially doleful wail—an instrument that confines itself to such cheerful gems of song as "Out in the Cold World," "Nobody's Darling," "You Never Miss the Patronage Till Your Boom runs Dry," and the like. What a weary old organ it is! How out of keeping with the times its lugubrious drone! Why can't somebody peg it for a new tune, with words to run something like this:

Oh, give me a German Consulate,  
 To care for my country's hogs,  
 In this cold, cold land can I longer wait?  
 It has utterly gone to the dogs.

Yes, Mr. Conkling, we refer to you. Go anywhere, do anything, only cease to humiliate the country by offering the spectacle of an ex-Senator of the United States railing outside the Executive Mansion like a discharged cook.

Storm away, Mr. Gessler Kelly! Backed by your precious Board of Aldermen: William Tell Cleveland will not bow to that hat. And yet, at first, we thought perhaps he might do so. At first he did seem somewhat inclined to truckle to the monopolists, but we may overlook this owing to the good work that he has since done in the way of vetos. And there are more vetos, we hope, yet in store, of which we shall hear before this number of PUCK is circulated throughout the land. We are going to give Governor Cleveland a piece of advice which we hope he will follow. It is to veto every bill that emanates, directly or indirectly, from Tammany. It will be money in the tax-payer's pocket, and will make Governor Cleveland a very popular man, indeed. There is no unselfishness about Tammany. It doesn't want good

government—it wants bad government and lots of spoils.

Americans like big things, although the biggest things are not always the best or the most artistic. The recent Cincinnati Dramatic Festival was a case in point. The Porkopolitans, or rather American Parisians, wanted to show their cultivation and love of art by having a dramatic festival that should "knock spots" out of every dramatic representation on record. They did not care so much about getting fine actors or actresses to fill the parts; but they wanted "a big thing," and they got it. It was so big that most of the people present couldn't hear a word of what was said on the stage, although the personators of the characters nearly wore out their lungs in the endeavor to give what, for the want of a more appropriate word, we may call the audience their money's worth. But the Cincinnati Dramatic Festival was "a big thing," even if it was not in accordance with the strict rules of art.

## PICKINGS FROM PUCK.

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 tlaW nehW



## THE TOWN TERRIER.



While walking down Fourteenth Street, I heard sounds of lamentation issuing from Tammany Hall. I stopped to listen, and soon after the head of John Kelly popped out of an upper-story window. He beckoned to me. I entered the building and found Mr. State O'Senator Grady weeping copiously, while Mr. John Kelly endeavored to comfort him.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Shure," gasped Grady: "those dirty spalpeens of citizens want to build the new Aqueduct themselves, and rob me frins of their just earnings, so that they won't get any

money at all, at all. Be jabers, it's impudent these citizens are, to try to chate in this shtyle, after all the hard wurk we've done to make an honest penny."

I urged Kelly to comfort Grady, and telegraphed to Spinola and McCarthy to come at once to help their friend to bear up, and before leaving said:

"Noble-minded Grady, be comforted; I'll give you a chance at a New York charter, in which I propose to do away with the confirming power of the Board of Aldermen."

While floating down the North River on an ash-barrel, I met Governor Cleveland enjoying Little Neck clams. His table-napkin was tucked between his shirt-collar and neck, and he looked like a hay-seed politician.

"Grove," I said: "how do you like being Governor, as far as you've got?"

"It's hard work, but I obtain enough comfort from the monopolists to counteract the Tammany politicians."

The trustees of the Brooklyn Bridge asked me what I thought the tolls ought to be.

"Well," I said, looking Mayor Low right in the eye: "I think animals and vehicles should be allowed to pass over free, but foot-passengers should be charged five dollars a foot. I don't believe in ruining the Union Ferry Company."

I was talking, a short time ago, with the proprietors of the Fifth Avenue Stage Line, and asked them why they made their vehicles so comfortably luxurious and generally so delightful to ride in. They replied, in chorus:

"We have often been asked to take away the rich cushions and nickel-plated springs, and substitute inferior articles for them; but we really couldn't do it. Our regard for the dear public is altogether too strong. Then, you know, we insist on having conductors, and our patrons want us to do away with them; they think it a piece of extravagance on our part. They sent in a petition to the effect that they much prefer to smash in their hats in getting change from the driver and in acting as conductors for us, and being tumbled into the mud, owing to our vehicles not stopping to let passengers descend."

Jay Gould asked me, the other day, how much I would want to take the *World* off his hands.

"If you've a quarter about you," I answered: "you may consider the matter settled; but, then," I added: "you must give me permission to give out that I've sold it for \$400,000."

"Hurly," said I to the retiring editor of the *World*: "I hope you have made proper arrangements for letting New Yorkers know of the movements of British aristocracy?"

"Oh, yes; certainly," he responded, with a touch of melancholy in his tones: "It's all right; have just made a contract with Princess Beatrice to cable over all the doings of the *haut ton* to Mr. Joseph Pulitzer."

I played base-ball last week. I made forty-seven home-runs and Chicagoed the Mets.

King Humbert and Salvini telegraphed immediately their congratulations, and offered me the post of iceberg-scraper to the Duke of Devonshire.

Von Moltke and Barney Biglin have expressed very much surprise at my carrying off all the prizes at the Dog Show.

"How in the name of Lydia Pinkham do you manage it?" asked von Moltke.

"My dear Moltke," I said, as I patted him on the head with a half-ton piece of bar-iron: "I give my whole mind to dog culture."

William H. Vanderbilt surprised me in my bath yesterday, and asked me at what price I would be willing to buy all his Lake Shore.

"Bill, old fel," I said, as I turned on the shower-bath: "so long as Jay Gould saddles me with his South-Western System, I can do nothing for you. Sorry, dear boy; ta-ta."

Several people have urged me to give them a recipe for making real diamonds.

It is hard to refuse one's friends, so here it is: Take two peanuts, dip them in pure molasses, then have them baked in a kiln as if they were ordinary china. When cool, polish to suit the taste, and you have gems far finer than anything that was worn at the Vanderbilt Ball.

Since this discovery Tiffany & Co. have bought up all the peanuts, and have also made arrangements for cornering them next year.

While walking about the bottom of the East River in a diving-bell—my custom of a spring afternoon—I met Prince Bismarck and James Gordon Bennett, busily engaged in writing.

"Howdydo, Jim? What on earth are you and Ot doing in this moist place?"

"We merely came here to get out of the way of the noise of Broadway; we're concocting *Herald* editorials on mule-driving dudes, and their influence on pologarithms."

SING a song of matches,  
A pocket full of grease,  
Four-and-twenty boxes  
On my mantel-piece.  
When each box is opened  
In my bedroom shady,  
Off fly the matches  
With the landlady  
Who keeps the boarding-house.

S. S. COX DELIVERED a lecture on the "Poetry of Mechanism" at Raleigh, N. C. It is now the Sweet Singer of Michigan's turn to discourse on the "Mechanism of Poetry."

NOW THE farmer digs the dirt,  
Now the maid begins to flirt,  
And in every dry-goods window  
Blossoms the airy flannel shirt.

## Puckerings.

WHY is a metropolitan pie like a rural newspaper? Why, because it has patent insides.

NOW THE breeze begins to dally  
With the lily-of-the-valley.

THE PLUMBER is not as haughty as he was two months ago. But the ice-man is beginning to brace up and put on style.

NOW THE clerk begins to spout  
Of the sweets of camping out.

A BILL AGAINST infernal machines has been passed in the Pennsylvania Senate; but, by some strange omission, nothing is said about an umbrella with a loose rib.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR's now led  
To umpire rural clubs' base-balling;  
And if the same  
Should not be game  
Both nines give him a dreadful mauling.

THE "spoils system" was an old Roman institution. Didn't Cassius say to Marc Antony, when he wanted to lure him into the party fold: "Your voice shall be as strong as any man's in the disposing of new dignities"?

AT DODGE CITY, Kansas, where there are disturbances, the Mayor is reported to be acting with the roughs. At New York City, New York, where there is a chronic disturbing element called Tammany, the Mayor is also acting with the roughs.

BASE-BALL makers have an illustrated advertisement representing a base-ball cut in half, and showing how much elastic and plastic composition it contains. Now, we would like to hear of the boarding-house that would dare to exhibit its fish-balls in this fashion.

WE WISH we could persuade Messrs. Grady, McCarthy and Spinola, of the State Legislature, with Mr. John Kelly as chief, to represent the United States at the approaching coronation of the Czar; and we would like them to be leaning on the throne, too, just before the Nilist carry out their part of the programme.

A BELGIAN FORGER, who is now in jail in Brussels, says that if he is kept there beyond the present week all the companies with which he is connected will be ruined. If he were an American forger, the companies would have been ruined long before the forgery was discovered, and he wouldn't have been in jail, either.

OUR ESTEEMED, not to say genial and kind old grandmother, the *Evening Post*, has a most delightfully readable column called "Newspaper Waifs." The *Post* no doubt knows what it is about; but, for our part, if we were going to print a column called "Newspaper Waifs," we should not fail to mention Oakey Hall and W. H. Hurlburt occasionally.

GOOD, KIND people, don't get carried away with the idea that the man who writes the articles, "How to Dress," "Guide to Fashion," etc., is an immaculate being. His general make-up is: long dusty hair, soiled finger-nails, paper cuffs, and a collar cut so low that it exposes to view about two-thirds of an eight-cent porous-plaster that looks very much as if it had been peacefully slumbering on his chest for many moons.

## THE DYNAMITE BOY.

The Dynamite Boy to the war has gone,  
In an English jail you'll find him,  
With a suit of the Queen's own livery on,  
And the number marked behind him.  
"Land of song," said the patriot boy:  
"Though all the world betrays thee,  
One little tin box shall bring thee joy,  
One faithful heart shall praise thee."

The patriot sailed, but the boisterous main  
Soon made that proud soul frantic;  
For fear his box might burst the *Spain*,  
He threw it in the Atlantic,  
And said: "No more I'll carry thee,  
Bad cess to their tricks and knavery;  
If it's kilt I'd be to make Ireland free,  
Divil a bit I mind her slavery."

## TO MISS MAY McG—N.

You asked us to permit our ornamental name to linger coyly around the aftermath of an original sentiment in your autograph-album. And there was so much young joy and such an air of genuine innocence enveloping your unhappy request, like a fish-ball dipped in a small rosy sea of Lubin's "Lily-of-the-Valley," that we are tempted to incline our ear to the petition.

And yet, we pause and doubt; and, Miss May, why should we not, when Earth is so large, autograph fiends so plentiful, and revolvers so cheap? What pleasure can it be to sit down to a volume of "Poetical Quotations" and organize a mental investigating committee to search out the most dazzling bit of writing contained therein, to inscribe, without quotation-marks, in an autograph-album, when one can get a sixteen-dollar shot-gun as a premium to a fifty-cent "family journal"?

That is the lavender-tinted conundrum, punctuated with pink commas, which we wish you to introduce into your chromatic bunch of conceptions of this world's heavy problems.

But, after all, we weaken, and go a-seeking for some felicitous manner of responding to your modest requirement. What man would not condone the misery of autographic decoration when the proffered book has attached to it a young lady of "summer-like demeanor," and a pair of eyes which make a fellow wish he were a Looking-Glass General to their owner, so that he might ever flash and "reflect back" their lovely semblance? The answer, of course, remarks that the man who would pass in his little "No" on such an occasion must be deaf, blind, insane—or married.

And so we, being only just human, smiled that lavish smile of ours, and gently trilled:

"Oh, most surely, Miss May; life has no dream so fair—dreams no life so pleasurable as the thought that we are to be enrolled in the list of your devoted lov—or, that is, admirers. Indeed, Miss May, if you will sweetly believe us, an invitation to 'come an' have suthin' could hardly draw us from the roseate duty of doing your will."

And, afterward, we went out into the night, and looked up at the stars and wondered how they could abide the sight of such rank hypocrisy.

Well, let's see. It was a pair of very red lips that moved gracefully to the effect that "it must be absolutely original." Then a bit of sentiment from the "Wise Sayings" column of an Elmira Sunday newspaper wouldn't answer. You want to know why, Miss Question-Mark? Because plagiarism and Elmira have become synonymous terms.

Therefore it would be Elmiracal to redress that sweet old sentiment of our bread-and-molasses days:

## THE TEMPTATION OF THE NEW YORK ST. ANTHONY.



A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE FOR THE MEMBERS OF "THE FINEST."

"If yOu luv mE As i LuV yOu  
no nife kiN cUT Our LuV iN tO,"

so that it would say:

If your love is so deep, and my love is a blazer,  
Do you think those two loves could be slashed by a razor?

Or that other pretty bit of boyhood and girlhood fervor, so that it would casually observe:

The nasturtium is buff,  
The marigold bistre;  
And Miss May McGuff?  
A regular heart-twister!

'T wouldn't do, perhaps; for we can even now see two soft hands (we sorrow as we sadly admit that our ears disagree with us on the question of their softness) elevated to emphasize the exclamation of wonderment:

"Well, the idea of his writing *that* in my album! I wonder if he calls *that* original, and I—I wonder if he—he means the last half?"

No, that wouldn't suit. Young ladies do not like to be flattered—oh, no! Something less flowerful might go down much quicker, and much more gracefully than—well, than the price of flour.

Say, thuswise:

I saw a hen fly o'er the lea;  
And all the golden stream of morn  
Grew roselike, and of Venus born—  
Since every budlet spoke of thee!

What business that hen had flying over a lea thus early in the day Miss May need not ask us. Suffice it to say that the hen was thar. And we shall think you an extremely rude young lady if you blandly breathe the information that hens never fly over anything but a neighbor's fence, and then only to accomplish the bliss of a go at a new-laid onion-bed or a fine trench of celery.

We see it is a common dodge, exemplified in some of the many-tinted pages of your album, to paste in a great bunch of scrap-book flowers with, maybe, a pollen-enveloped bee hovering nearto, drunken with a dream of honey-walth.

Now, take the picture of a little button-hole bouquet—a rosebud and carnation, with backing of geranium-leaves, (such as the damosel at the social will attach to the lapel of a fellow's coat for the nominal sum of fifty cents,) and set it in the corner of a light-blue page, with a sequel like this:

She pinned you there, bright flowers, and day  
Is not so sun-flushed now to me;  
Nor night so silver-sweet; nor May  
So full of brief, but sugared glee.  
She pinned you there; but, oh, the pin,  
Driven by hands that cared not where  
It pierced, has lodged my heart within  
And murdered peace—she pinned you there!

hanging off one of the stems. How would that do, Miss May, taking into consideration, of course, that the May referred to above as being somewhat short in her glucose accounts is the month, not the maiden May? And, for Heaven's sake, don't ask us who that girl was, for we are not rich enough to stand a breach-of-promise suit!

Do you think it would suit? That's what we are dying to know. Or would you like something in prose that was not cribbed from the familiar source of the autograph-writer's inspiration—the Reverend Mr. Colton's "Laeon"?

From the following specimens, if you wish to die, you may choose your disease:

Home is the soul's rest; love its day; passion its night,  
and caramels are thirty cents a pound.

Man knows in his little life but few moments of contentment. One of them is when he is rubbing the small of his back against the corner of a door-jam. Even then a projecting nail may not be far off.

Through many years and many lands we search for happiness, but find it not. Ah, me, we never notice the antics of a yellow hen tunneling in an ash-heap.

Well, Miss May, perhaps we had better chew ourself off on all these sentiments, and take an "absolutely original" way of spoiling the good character of your album by simply appending that little word-device which you may notice just a little below the last line of the present article. That is often the only sensible thing men do in the course of a lifetime, and oftener the most senseless—say, when the preceding words read: "Twenty days after date I promise to pay to Mr. So-and-So the sum of \$50.37½." Such things show a man that the presence of the fool-killer would be acceptable.

EDWARD WICK.

THE CHAMPION OFFICE-HOLDER—The man who drops in at your place of business to look at the paper for a minute.



## PUCK'S RURAL LOCALETTES.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF PATENT-INSIDES.

[These notices will be found thoroughly trustworthy, and may be safely used by any country weekly.]

Apple-blossoms tell us that spring is here.

Elder Peck has purchased a lawn-mower.

The Blanket Mill is now running on full time.

Gauze undershirts, forty cents each, at Ely's.

A new fence is spoken of for the grave-yard.

Now is the time to go off in the woods for trailing arbutus.

Next week 'Squire Jones will put brass tips on his steer's horns.

Bluebirds are beginning to build in the Swan Street maples.

Five dollars reward for any one caught cutting sods on the Green.

J. A. Larkin, of Philadelphia, spent last Sunday with friends in Edgcomb.

A dancing-school will be opened next month by Professor Dunlee, of Baltimore.

Mrs. Lynn and daughter are stopping with relatives on Barrow Street for a few days.

The wind blew so hard last Tuesday that the clock stopped in the Presbyterian steeple.

Yesterday morning, while on the way to Belvidere to a horse-trade, Judge Ruggles lost his collar-button.

Ezra Willoughby is spoken of for Selectman. Ezra is a genial old gentleman, and just the man for the place.

Miss Lulu Jenkins sprained her ankle, one day last week, while jumping on a chair to get away from a mouse.

While Deacon Smith's goslings were swimming, the other day, several of them were pulled under by muskrats.

There is to be a meeting next week, to raise money to purchase a new flag for Town Hall. It will be money well invested.

The strawberries sent us by Miss Belinda Hollyhock, Friday, were the largest we have seen this year. The Hollyhocks are a good old family.

The Red Stockings will play the Dreadnaughts, of Edgcomb, next Tuesday. Both clubs have uniforms, and a fine game may be expected.

During the storm, last Wednesday, Lemuel Sanders had some glass in his hot-house broken by hail-stones. It will be remembered that Lem is to lead the congregational choir next month.

Peleg Pillsbury will have charge of the Egerton singing-school this summer. Peleg can handle a tuning-fork about as well as any one in the county. The Egerton folks seem to be doing pretty near all their trading at his store.

Harry and Vint Brezeego will be at the Opera House on the 10th and 11th, with their

trained dogs Zip and Tiger, in their new sensational drama, "Through by Daybreak, or Burst the Boiler." The railroad smash-up in the third act is alone worth the price of admission. See advertisement in another column.

## HINTS FOR ADVERTISERS.

There is a fitness about other things than apoplexy and fashionable suits; and if merchants would only observe some of the unities that dramatists talk so much about, advertising announcements would be better worth reading. Certain familiar phrases especially apply to certain professions and trades. These which are given below should be carefully considered by the man of enterprise, when next he prepares a column-ad., eodimciyc.\*

For

The Shoe-Maker—"Sole Agent."  
The Yachtsman—"Special Sale."  
The Prima-Donna—"Fresh Invoice."  
The Liquor-Seller—"Extra Bargains."  
The Sexton—"Don't Forget the Place."  
The Tailor—"Beware of Counter-Fits."  
The Clergyman—"See Great Inducements, Above."  
The Temperance-Lecturer—"Collections a Specialty."  
The Burglar—"Everything Usually Kept."  
The Butcher—"Goods Promptly Delivered."  
The Milk-Man—"Slightly Water-Soaked."  
The Undertaker—"Customers Never Grumble."  
The Second-Hand Dealer—"Dannaged Goods."  
The Feather-Bed Merchant—"Marked Down."  
The District Telegraph-Messenger—"Made to Order."  
The Police-Court Judge—"Terms Cash or Thirty Days."

WALTER L. SAWYER.

\* "Ciyc:" Collect if you can. (Hint to the business-manager.)

## THE PENAL CODE.



ONE OF ITS EFFECTS.

## IS IT A FAIR EXCHANGE?

Values of Exchanges fixed by Common Agreement. Balances to be Rendered Monthly.

MISS COLUMBIA

In account with

MADAM BRITANNIA.

DR.

To one gross assorted Earls, Viscounts, Barons, etc., (for mountain-hotels and watering-places), .....  
To three dozen life-size figures Europeanized Americans, (suitable for heroes of fashionable novels), .....  
To 10,000 dudes, (captured in Pall Mall), .....

CR.

By (unknown number) dynamite fiends..

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCLXXXI.

PROPOSED CORONATION OF THE CZAR.



Ya-as, Jack Carnegie wites me that the Queen has wequested him to accompany the aw Duke of Edinburrough to Moscow, in ordah to be pwesent at the corwonation of the Czar of Wussia. Gladstone and the Ministwy are, I find, also ex-

twemely anxious faw me to go; and even the Pwince of Wales has taken the twouble to indite an autogwaph lettah to me, persuading me to undahtake the journey simply to oblige him. He makes it a personal mattah.

Of course, I suppose I ought to feel flattered, but I weally cannot comply with the wequest. Being a marwied man, and having wegard for my b-b-boy, who is gwowing verwy satisfactorwily, I don't care to wun the aw wisk of being blown to smitherweens by an explosion of dynamite or nitwo-glycerwine or othah dangerwous chemical compositions.

I am pwivately of the opinion that the we-mains of ne-ahly everwybody pwesent will be taken away fwom the city of Moscow, aftah the corwonation, and burwied with appropwiate honahs in the varwious Wussian cemeterwies.

Certainly, extwaordinary pwecautions will be taken by the authorwities to pwevent any unpleasant occurwences; but the fellows that are called Nihilists manage to keep their ar-wangements verwy secwet, and are generwally able to carwy out their nefarwious schemes without the slightest difficulty.

Jack pwobably has no objection to being blown to "kingdom come" with the west of the guests, but there are a gweat numbah who doubtless have aw stwong pwewudices in favah of living on this terwestwial globe a little longah.

Although it is a serwious subject, I can't help laughing at the stwange and amusing excuses so many distinguished and wepwesentative individuals have made to avoid going to the corwonation, and at how they have twied to put it off on some one else.

The Pwince of Wales is, I suppose, afwaid of being pwesent; but his bwothah Alfwed couldn't verwy well get out of it, especially as he is welated to the Wussian woyal family, having marwied a daughtah of the late exploded Czar.

I take considerwable interwest in the wesult of the affai-ah. The pwepawations, I know, are verwy extensive and gorgeously, and almost semi-barbarwic in bwilliancy.

'Pon my life, it will be positively too bad if all this gwand display comes to gwief by a horrible explosion of a mine wight underneath the thrwone; but if the Czar won't give the people a pwopah Constitution, he cahn't expect anything else, you know aw.

THE CZAR has just ordered something like twenty millions of cigarettes of an American manufacturer. This gives us some idea of the Czar's fears for the 27th instant. Now, if the Czar had ordered twenty millions of political cigars—the kind that Tammany candidates present to voters during a campaign—with the intention of distributing them among the Nihilists, he might be crowned safely and peacefully.

THE chef of the Lotos Club refers to his recent feat of cutting off a cat's tail as a cook's *tour de force*.

## A NAUTICAL APPLICANT.

Learning that a certain Mr. G. had built a yacht and was going abroad, I applied for the position of captain. Captain Shackford got it. He's a good fellow; but I felt much put out.

I went before the committee for examination. I told them I wanted the position badly—not so much on account of the salary, but because of the fine opportunity it would afford me to see the world. I began:

"Gentlemen, I have never been to sea, except to Coney Island, in the boat, and out fishing at Atlantic City, where I got real sick. Don't know starboard from larboard, or a jib from a studding-sail. Think I know what Port is, though. Know absolutely nothing about latitude or longitude. Dead reckoning I have heard of, but always supposed it had something to do with dead people in wrecks. Never heard of a quadrant. Know what a log is, but don't see how it applies to navigation. Have read lots of sea-stories about wrecks, storms, pirates, icebergs, whales and mermaids. Can't swim. Can't climb a rope. Know what a schooner is. Imagine the parallels of latitude and longitude are realities, and that they cross the ocean like so many black lines, as they do in the school atlas. Have an idea that the equator must be like a thick rope stretching across the sea, and tied to the Poles. Don't see how a fellow can tell where he is when way out on the deep."

Here one of the committee tried to say something; but I went on:

"Have seen devil-fishes stuffed in museums, and sea-horses and all such things. Have seen live sharks at a distance, and porpoises and jelly-fish. Think the ocean smells like an old sponge—"

The member of the committee attempted to interrupt again; but I had to continue:

"Have an uncle who is captain of a fishing-

sloop, and might take lessons from him about running the boat. Heard that pouring oil on the sea is a good thing to make things calm in stormy weather. Would advise Mr. G. to take a tap from the Standard pipes along with him. Know a screaming good story about a pirate who—"

"That'll do!" yelled the committeeman: "you can go."

"Then I ain't engaged?"

"Of course not."

"Pooh! I don't care. I'm glad of it!" I exclaimed: "Wait till the old yacht gets out into blue water, and the big mountain-swells of the vasty deep shake the sticks out of her—ha! ha!—and Mr. G. and his dandy crew all get sick, and then get tossed on to a lee-shore, with the breakers running at a million miles a minute, and old Nep bumps the bottom out of his mahogany and nickel-plated old galleon. Ha! ha! Old Nep can whip J. G. with one hand and not half try."

And I went out, banging the door with great vigor behind me.

## SIGNS OF SUMMER.

When the white rose wears a dude by the button-hole—

When strawberry-short-cake is seen on a boarding-house table—

When the hotel-clerk takes his great solitaire diamond out of pawn—

When the colored dandy dons a velvet jacket and patent-leather pumps—

When the restaurant is radiant with radishes and balmy with May wine—

When the young man with fine clothes rides up-town on top of the stage—

When the tramp meanders along the street with a tomato-can in his hand—

When gaudy bathing-suits hang out in front of gentlemen's furnishing-stores—

When the young man with a light overcoat wishes he had made it a summer-suit—

When the small boy goes swimming off the docks and has his clothes "chewed"—

When the city relatives prepare to swoop down on the country relatives for the summer—

When the standing-collar of the dude melts into a condition of unrepresentableness before 11 A. M.

When an aurora borealis of fancy under-clothing blazes out in the haberdasher's window—

When the base-ball-player has his hand split and a few of his knuckles driven up to his elbow—

When every hotel-keeper in the land advertises his establishment as being positively the best in the land—

And

When the ice-man puts on lots of style, floats around in a most lordly manner, decides whether he will spend the coming winter in Nice or Florence, and puts a thousand dollars per week in the bank—

Then we may know that Summer is near at hand.

## NO MANAGER SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE.



A PRIVATE DIVORCE COURT IN EVERY THEATRE WOULD MAKE MATTERS EASY AND PLEASANT FOR UNHAPPY THEATRICAL HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

## LINES ON FIRST OPENING THE ADVERTISING PAGES OF PUCK.

O Angostura!  
O Cuticura!  
O Lydia Pinkham,  
From the town of Lynn!  
O R. H. Macy!  
A great ecstasy,  
When I behold you,  
I am ever in.

I feel like Benvolio,  
When I use Sapolio  
In my old hall-bedroom,  
At the break of day.  
And Peter Doelger  
Is the kind of soldier  
Whose flag I follow—  
When I'm feeling gay.

'Neath my northern gable,  
I'd a billiard-table  
Have from J. M. Brunswick,  
Or the Griffith Co.  
When I thirst and hunger,  
Unto Runk & Unger  
For a pint of Ayala  
I always go.

And then my nose I don't  
Turn up at Sozodant,  
Nor the clothes of Nicoll  
On the Bower-ee.  
I did even hock o' late,  
For Baker's Chocolate,  
The ulster worked for me  
By Annie Lee.

I could write "Hyperion"  
With a pen Spencerian,  
Or one of Esterbrook's,  
Or Gillott's, too.  
Would n't life be dreary  
Without James McCreery!  
And without Castoria  
I'd be ever blue.

A corset of Warner  
In a cozy corner—  
To hold it snugly  
I find no toil—  
And Arnold, Constable  
& Co. make reason unstable—  
And I go and brace up  
On St. Jacob's Oil.

When I see Hop Bitters,  
Then my fancy flutters,  
As light as butterflies  
On flowers, dew-wet.  
'Tis an airy roamer  
When I look on Sohmer,  
And eke on Decker  
Or the Orguette.

George Cluett's chokers  
I affect, and Boker's  
Gay Stomach Bitters  
All my woe do drown.  
And I jump and frolic  
As I kill my colic  
With the Genuine Ginger  
That is made by Brown.

When I'm feeling badly  
I look at Bradley,  
With his pretty Road-Cart, or at  
Keep his Shirts.  
To avoid hysterics,  
I go off to Ehrich's,  
And I get my Photos  
From Electric Kurtz.

For a pretty tricycle,  
Or Columbia bicycle,  
I send to Pope, or  
Up to Mason's School.  
And if Johnny Morgan  
Has no Beatty Organ,  
Why, then, Johnny Morgan  
Is a blooming fool.

When the frosts that harden  
Have left my garden,  
To Peter Henderson  
I go for seeds.  
There are no blotches  
Upon Pachtmann's watches,  
And Peck & Snyder  
Fill the athlete's needs.

Ginger Ale of Ross's  
Is the boss of bosses,  
And Gunther's Candy  
Makes you feel in luck.  
Naught can hold a candle  
To the toys of Crandall,  
Except prime PICKINGS from  
The perfect PUCK.



## DANGEROUS.



JUSTICE:—"KICK THAT OUT!"

COMMISSIONERS OF POLICE:—"No, no! WE COULDN'T EVEN THINK OF IT!"

## BRITISH GOLD AGAIN.

## THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE AND THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

The friendly relations that have so long existed between the Governments of Great Britain and the United States have recently become imperiled by reason of the objections made in certain quarters to the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge on Mrs. Victoria's birthday.

If the pure and patriotic Irish gentlemen who constitute the New York Board of Aldermen, and represent so admirably the true American sentiment in this city, had not discovered the true nature of the nefarious plot, a dark deed would have been consummated without anyone being one least bit the wiser. But, although the bridge is to be opened on the natal day of Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India, yet it will be an immense satisfaction for down-trodden American citizens to learn that the wicked purpose will not be carried out without the circumstances which led to such a revolting arrangement being made public.

British gold has indeed been at work to some purpose. The Bridge Trustees sold out to Mrs. Victoria years ago, and there was a distinct understanding, when ground was first broken for the structure, that the bridge, no matter when it might be finished, should be opened only for traffic on Her Majesty's birthday. The whole traitorous scheme is now laid bare in all its black hideousness, and it has only been through the peaceful nature and disposition of Mayor Edson and Secretary Frelinghuysen that the two great English-speaking nations are not engaged in a fratricidal war.

The facts are these: In 1837, a few days before Victoria ascended the throne, when King William the Fourth was about completing his arrangements for climbing the golden stair, the Princess called the venerable Duke of Wellington to her private Audience Chamber and thus addressed him:

"Dook, do you know a place called New York?"

"No, mum."

"Go in the library, Dook, and see if you can't find it on the map."

"Yes, mum."

The Duke soon after returned and announced that he had discovered the place in question.

"Well," said young Miss Vicky: "I have been amusing myself by looking into futurity, and I find that about the year 1870 a bridge will be built connecting the City of New York with Brooklyn. I want that bridge to be opened on my birthday. Promise to have it done, or I'll reduce you to the ranks when I'm Queen."

The old warrior undertook to carry out his Royal Mistress's wishes, and when he died he left the necessary instructions with the officers of State.

Victoria's foresight was correct; the bridge was built, the trustees and engineers were purchased, bodies and souls, when they were quite young men—even before they had accepted office—and the bridge will therefore be thrown open to the public on the 24th of May.

All the secret service money voted in the British Parliament since 1837 has been appropriated for the purchase of these gentlemen, some of whom may be said to have been born with British gold in their mouths.

What Mayor Low and Trustees Kingsley, Stranahan and Agnew have to say to the charge against them we don't know and don't care; but the question asserts itself: Shall we allow, without a protest, the monarch of an effete empire to dictate to us free and independent American citizens in the matter of bridge openings?

## THANK YOU!

NORWICH, Conn., May 21th, 1883.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Here's your joke.

ED. H. THOMAS.

"Two millions of eggs, each fit to suck,  
Are used each year," says veracious PUCK:  
"In making photograph-paper;  
But for each other one an actor has ten."  
So it must be that they are all bu men—  
And that is the size of the caper.

Can it be that PUCK has forgotten a priest,  
If any way popular, has at least  
As good a show as an actor?  
Moving one to make over the joke again,  
And say: "Though you wear an alb, u men,  
You are much the same in character."

## Answers for the Anxious.

J. W. R.—All right. Thanks.

HASELTINE.—Send her PICKINGS FROM PUCK.

J. T. C., Salt Lake, U. T.—Letter received. But are you not going to send along the chart and key?

COLIN CLOUT.—PUCK ON WHEELS would like to hear from you. No questions asked. Full surrender.

G. B.—Very pretty; but about one-half of the population of this country got on to that joke before you did.

## PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.

The worthy wayfarer, on a tour of inquiry in New York, who happened to drop into the auditorium of NIBLO'S GARDEN this week, might imagine that he saw there the United States Army. But this would be a mistake. In the first place, the preponderance of privates would reveal at once his error; and in the second, he would realize that "Her Atonement," a stirring military drama, was being played by a good company to large houses. "The Merry War," with its grand ballet and effects, has taken up its quarters at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, and, what isn't strange, either, it is J. H. Haverly's Comic Opera Company who are running the show.

Brilliant, from a scenic and choral point of view, is the performance of Balfe's "Satanella," at HENDERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE. As much cannot be said for the individual singing—there being acres of room for improvement. Miss Marie Jansen is an exception to this sweeping criticism, her performance, in every respect, being highly satisfactory. "Arkwright's Wife" gave an opportunity, on Monday last, for Miss Helen Barry, of London, to make her first appearance on the American stage. She will play the part for some time, at the UNION SQUARE THEATRE. Mr. J. St. Maur is her manager.

The CASINO has struck another success in the shape of the late lamented Offenbach's "Princess of Trébizonde." Lillian Russell, Laura Joyce, John Howson and Digby Bell are among the stronger members of the cast. WAL-LACK'S has happily changed its bill, and now we have "la Belle Russe," Mr. David Belasco's wonderful imitation of "Forget-Me-Not." Théo and Capoul are finishing their farewell appearances in America, at DALY'S THEATRE. To-night, Suppé's "Boccaccio" is to be served up in choice style.

At last the venerable Boucicault has produced "The Amadan," at the STAR THEATRE, and shure and the chip of the old block, Mister Dion Boucicault the younger, appears as Colley, the wild boy. "A Bunch of Keys; or, The Hotel," at the SAN FRANCISCO OPERA HOUSE, is having a most hilarious and successful run. "Front!" is now become a popular cry, and everybody who has ever passed a night in a hotel will recognize the picture.

Lotta has taken possession of the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, and disports herself thereat in a farewell engagement as "Bob," Mlle. Etelka Borry having vacated the establishment, after having played, in gorgeous costume, with more or less effect, *Adrienne* and *Camille*. So far in this season we have not had many muddy days, but, nevertheless, "The Muddy Day" is still to be seen every night at the THEATRE COMIQUE, with Messrs. Harrigan and Hart in particularly fine health and spirits. Haverly, Haverly, always Haverly—and now we have his United Consolidated American and European Mastodon Minstrels at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE.

"The Russian Honeymoon," at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, is, owing to its success, to be continued until further notice. Having regard to the theatre at which it is being played, it would be surprising to hear anything to the contrary. By far the best spectacular genuine colored minstrels that have ever been in New York City are Callender's Colossal Consolidated, now at the COSMOPOLITAN THEATRE. The entertainment is a most attractive one. The individual performers are clever and absolutely overflow with talent.

The most interesting feature of Albery's only successful comedy, "The Two Roses," at the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, is Miss Nellie Howard's *Lottie*. This pretty young woman, with her refined, gentle and charming manner, has practically the dramatic field, in a certain line of parts, all to herself. We expect to hear great things of her. The acting all round was very good, and Mr. Pitt's laudable efforts ought to be richly rewarded. Our ancient friend, "The Black Crook," has turned up once more, the Messrs. Kiralfy Brothers having taken it this time to the GRAND OPERA HOUSE, where the three brilliant ballets and the hundred European specialties will have plenty of room to exhibit themselves to advantage.

## LITERARY NOTES.

If we had plenty of space we should have many nice things to say of the *Manhattan Magazine*, the May number of which appears in a handsome new dress and cover, and contains contributions and poems from the pens of George Parsons Lathrop, S. G. W. Benjamin, Julian Hawthorne, Edgar Fawcett, and other notable writers.

Harry Edwards has written and Messrs. G. Putnam & Sons have published a delightful little book called "A Mingled Yarn." It consists of a number of bright sketches of travel and appropriate addresses delivered before the Bohemian Club of San Francisco.

A. C. Armstrong, 714 Broadway, has published an edition of the well-known and amusing "Widow Bedott Papers." It is neatly bound and typographically satisfactory.



OFFICE OF 'PUCK' 23 WARREN ST NEW YORK.

WILLIAM TELL CLEVELAND ILL



PCK.



ND WILL NOT BOW TO THE HAT.

MAYER MERKEL & OTTMANN LITH. 23-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

## SUMMER-RESORT NOTES.

HOW THE HOTEL-KEEPERS ARE PREPARING FOR THE SEASON.

SAND'S POINT, L. I., is already scratching gravel.

A GENUINE TREE has been set out at Saybrook, Penn.

THE GRAND UNION HOTEL, Saratoga, is laying in extra supplies of pork.

THE TWIN MOUNTAIN HOUSE has hopes of Beecher about hay-fever time.

A NEW and expensive coat of whitewash has been laid on the White Mountains.

THIS YEAR'S mosquito-crop at Bergen Point, N. J., is expected to be exceptionally fine.

THE ATLANTIC OCEAN is to be moved up nearer to the Argyle Hotel at Babylon, L. I.

GUESTS OF THE Kaaterskill Hotel are requested to bring their own malaria with them.

IT IS PROPOSED to tow Mt. Desert down to the Gulf Stream, to take the chill off it before the summer visitors arrive.

THE PROPRIETORS of the hotels along the Jersey coast are having a new set of surf put in for use during the bathing season.

A QUININE SPRING has been discovered at Greenwood Lake.

SEVEN CARTLOADS of slack-lime, three tons of old boots, twelve pecks of assafœtida and two barrels of carbolic acid have been sent to Saratoga to tone up and flavor the various springs.

BREAD WILL be supplied this season at the principal hotels of Atlantic City, so that all fears of such mortality from starvation as has existed in previous years among the boarders are now averted.

THE RATES OF BOARD at Seabright, N. J., which were \$2,500 a week last year, have been greatly reduced. The present terms are low and easily understood. They are: Anything that people will pay.

PEOPLE INTENDING to stay at the Isles of Shoals during the coming season should begin now to practise on eating kid gloves and blotting-paper, to prepare themselves for the regular summer diet so well known to all who have ever heard the familiar war-cry of the waiters: "Cod, scrod and cold meats!"

MILFORD, PIKE CO., Pa., has hired for the season the famous bear that for many years stood in front of Mr. Gunther's gun-store, and represented the establishment at the Paris Exposition. This will be set up in the centre of the town, and will be billed as the original and genuine bear used in all the *Sun's* bear stories.

## CURIOUS ITEMS.

(SUCH AS APPEAR IN OUR RURAL CONTEMPORARIES.)

Saco, Maine, has a hen whose wings grow out of her mouth.

A pig was recently born at Sheboygan with the ace of spades on its back.

During a fight, the other day, at Kenosha, Wis., a bull-dog had all the teeth he had recently lost restored.

The greatest of the recent wonders at Grand Rapids is a Guinea-hen that speaks French with an Irish accent.

A mule was born in Akron, Ohio, about a month ago, with a beautiful set of artificial teeth and a full outfit of shoes.

The latest sensation at Mechanic's Falls, Me., is an owl that adjusts a pair of editorial shears on its feet and flies across lawns, cutting the grass as it goes.

An ostrich swallowed a napkin-ring not long ago, and then went out on the lawn and ate a napkin. Two days after the bird died, and, on being opened, was found to contain the napkin, properly rolled up and in the ring.

A girl with a double-jaw fell down an Arkansas well not long ago, and when she was fished up a few hours later she had but a single jaw, besides this, she had on a new silk dress, and carried a strawberry-short-cake in her left hand.

A canary-bird was recently hatched in Selma, Alabama, with four legs and fur instead of feathers. When rubbed on the back it rakes its ribs with its hind-legs, like a dog. It is very fond of the cat, and will eat nothing but Malaga grapes.

A young lady up at Nashua has invented a novel machine for committing suicide. It is absolutely painless. The young lady, having successfully committed suicide several times, decided, on her last recovery, to patent it, and has gone to Washington for that purpose.

While a base-ball match was being played at Lynn, Mass., one day last week, a mule in Lowell kicked a blind man out of sight. When the man landed, he struck right on the umpire, with his sight restored. The umpire was knocked senseless, and the decision of the recent blind man gave the game to the "Blizzards," by a score of three to one.

An amateur snake-charmer in the Yellowstone region has twenty adders that think so much of him that they follow him around like dogs. On wash-day each one takes the tip of a companion's tail in his mouth, and they allow themselves to be hung up on poles for clothes-lines. In the summer-time they braid themselves into a most ingenious hammock, in which the snake-charmer lies and reads novels on the front-stoop.

A man out at Oshkosh left that, his native place when he was but sixteen years of age to seek his fortune. Before leaving he placed a five-dollar gold-piece in a stone wall. After an absence of ten years, he returned to his home much better off in this world's goods. Happening to remember the incident of the five-dollar gold-piece, he went to the stone wall and found it just as it had been left, except that it was in the company of three other gold dollars, which constituted ten years' interest at six per cent.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## A LAMENTATION.



CONKLINGUS ANTONY, *log.*:  
You all do know this mantle: I remember  
The first time Grantism ever put it on.

Look, in this place ran Schurz's dagger through—  
See what a rent the envious Curtis made—  
Through this the well-beloved Jonesy stabbed—

Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
Then you and I and all of us fell down,  
And Civil Service triumphed over us!

[Silence in the audience.]



## MR. POPINJAY'S STORY-TELLING.

Before the little Popinjays grew up, Mr. Popinjay used to be very much of a family man. He alluded often, among his friends—and very honestly, too, for Mr. Popinjay was no hypocrite—to the delights of having a family bosom, and being in it a great share of the time. I am not quite sure whether the worthy gentleman understood altogether the meaning of the term; but, at any rate, no one ever used it with greater effect than he. When he left his office early in the afternoon, Mr. Popinjay would say to his partner:

"Ah! good-afternoon, Mr. Hopstock. I am going home to the bosom of my family."

And if, perchance, he met a bachelor friend on the way, in answer to the inquiry whither he was hurrying so fast, he would reply:

"Aha, old fellow, you don't know anything about the bosom of a family, do you?"

And upon being assured that his friend did n't, but would very much like a little definite anatomical instruction upon that portion of social physiology, Mr. Popinjay would laugh immoderately, and bid him get married himself, for in no other way would he ever know the unspeakable delights of being a family man. Mr. Popinjay would not—possibly *could* not, and he confessed so himself—define what he meant by the bosom of his family. He only knew that, like the bosom of a waistcoat, it was a mighty comfortable thing to be possessed of in this cold world, and that—after the manner of said garment—nobody could ever imagine anything about it without trying it on. So Mr. Popinjay continued to be domestic in practice, though for the life of him he couldn't explain the thing in theory.

Mr. Popinjay was in the bosom of his family on a Saturday evening. There was a nice cosy fire in the room, and in front of the fire a table—a good big round centre-table, with an astral-lamp on it, and plenty of papers, and some magazines, and a book or two scattered about. Mrs. Popinjay sat on one side of this table, with a small unmentionable garment of Augustus's in her lap, through which she was deftly passing and repassing needle and thread, for reasons best known to her own motherly soul. Mr. Popinjay sat opposite her, with his elbow resting on the table, and a newspaper, half-unfolded, hanging down from his hand. Apparently, he was thinking.

"Socrates, dear," asked Mrs. Popinjay, after her husband had been sitting in this manner for about five minutes: "what is on your mind now?"

Mr. Popinjay started, and dropped the paper.

"I—I was thinking," he explained, somewhat indefinitely.

"What about, my love?" persisted Mrs. P.

"Oh—about what I read in this paper. It says," (taking up the paper and reading,) "'One of the privileges and pleasures of the head of a family is to instill familiar truths and helpful examples into the hearts of his children, in the form of stories, told in unconventional phrase and simple manner at the fireside. Every man with a warm heart, and with the inspiration of little faces

around him, can weave sweeter and more entrancing tales to his children than ever fell from the lips of Eastern romancers or flowed from pen of genius upon the dead, cold paper. Try it, fathers of families, and see how quickly your prosaic wits will take to themselves wings, and how easily and delightfully you will soar in the realms of fancy. You will adorn the homeliest subject with fairy examples, make giants of goodness of steady-going folk, and bring your children to love the right and true by the beauty with which you invest it!"

"Capital!" exclaimed Mrs. Popinjay, tapping Augustus's sparsely-thatched white head with her thimble to make him release the cat's tail, which he was pulling unmercifully: "Children, papa is going to tell you some stories!"

"But—but," protested Mr. Popinjay, as the whole flock came swooping down upon him and swarming up his legs: "Careful, there, Tom! You like to broke my nose. Angelina! let go my watch-chain! Augustus! get off my corns! But—I'm afraid I'm not quite ready, Elvira. I haven't thought of anything, you know, and—and I guess I'll wait till to-morrow night."

"Pshaw, no!" pouted little Angelina: "to-morrow's Sunday night."

"Why, so it is!" admitted Mr. Popinjay, sheepishly, as though convicted of some unbecoming misdemeanor in his children's eyes: "Well, well, I'll see what I can do. Give me the paper a minute, Elvira."

He bent his brows and carefully studied the injunctions of the editor again, as if he expected them to carry him through the job, as well as get him into it; then he snuggled the inquisitive Angelina closer to his waistcoat, so that she could not look up into his face, put his left arm around Tom, gripped the unfortunate Augustus—who, as usual, had been behindhand about securing a seat—convulsively between his knees, and began as follows:

"Once upon a time there was—a boy, and he was very fond of—of girls."

"Why, Socrates! that isn't going to come out right!" interrupted Mrs. P.: "Remember, you are to 'instill familiar truths and helpful examples into the hearts of your children.'"

"Well, I'd like to know if that isn't a familiar truth?" persisted Mr. Popinjay, doggedly: "Besides, who's telling this story—me or you?"

"I or you, Socrates."

"Well, I or you, then—if I've got to be a walking grammar!"

"Go ahead, pa!" murmured Angelina, sucking her finger contentedly, and blissfully ignorant of the fact that she had perhaps averted a rupture in the bosom of the Popinjay family.

Mr. Popinjay—whose temper, even at home, was not remarkable for its length—turned back to the little mendicant:

"Well, pet, where was I?"

"Oh! you said there was a boy, and he—and there was a little girl—and she—liked him."

"Now, look, Socrates!" exclaimed his wife, triumphantly: "See the effect of your story already. What did I tell you?"

"Elvira! *will* you keep still—or shall I?" exclaimed Mr. Popinjay, wheeling squarely around toward his wife, with the two children in his lap and Augustus dragging painfully between his knees.

"Well, go ahead! I won't say another word," crooned Mrs. Popinjay, in an aggravating falsetto chirp, as she stooped her face to the unmentionable garment and bit off a thread:

"Tell your own story."

"So I propose to do," growled Mr. Popinjay. It was the first tiff he had had with his little wife for a twelvemonth, and he rather liked it, on the whole. It was a novel sensation:

"Let me see—where was I, Tom?"

"Oh, you just got to that feller that liked the girls!" sneered Tom, contemptuously: "I hope he gets drowned pretty soon."

"Well, once upon a time—"

"Socrates—just a minute, please!"

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want to correct Tom. Tom, you said drowned, didn't you?"

"Oh, I dunno—I've forgot!" snapped Tom, looking up to his father for approval. But he reckoned without his host.

"Thomas! Be careful, sir, how you answer your mother!"

Mr. Popinjay swelled visibly as he emptied this little pan of hot coals on his wife's head.

"Yes, ma," acknowledged the abashed Tom: "I said drowned."

"Well, what should you say, my boy?"

"Dr-own-ed, I s'pose."

"You s'pose?"

"Yes'm."

"S'pose?"

"Ya."

"Tom!"

"Thomas! correct yourself!" interposed Mr. Popinjay, with great dignity and asperity.

"I suppose, ma."

"That is my own good boy!" chirped Mr. P.

All this while Augustus had been hanging disconsolately between his father's legs. He was not a large boy; he was not an aggressive boy; he was not a very talkative boy. In fact, although the oldest of the children, Tom whipped him unmercifully, and even Angelina bullied him about his thin white hair and small arms. The only assertive thing he had ever been known to do was to

## SOME PHASES OF THE SEASON.

At the Shore Hotels—Lunch, 12 a. m. Mercury 35.



WAITER:—"WILL YOU HAVE YOUR SALAD HOT OR COLD?"

pull the cat's tail. That he was constantly doing. There seemed to be an irresistible fascination for him in the act. At this moment he leaned absent-mindedly over his father's knee and seized purring pussy's upright appendage with a grin of ineffable delight.

"Yaouw!"

Tap-tap-tap-a-tap-a-tap! It was Mrs. Popinjay's thimble on the ill-protected scone of her eldest hopeful. Augustus merely let the cat go, put up one puny white hand to the spot where he had been investigated, and relapsed without a sound into his former limp, pathetic attitude. Mr. Popinjay put his broad soft palm tenderly on the lad's head, and asked:

"Augustus, would you like me to go on?"

"Yes, paw," lisped that young man: "I want to hear about the girl."

"Hush!" ejaculated Tom, with scorn.

His mother looked at him inquiringly; but as there really is no very exact grammar of exclamation, she let the poor boy be delivered of this one utterance without mouthing it over again.

"Well, so you shall hear more about her," said Mr. Popinjay, patronizingly: "Once upon a time there was a boy, and he was very fond of girls."

"Of a girl, paw," interposed Augustus.

"Well, then, of a girl," assented Mr. Popinjay: "This boy, who was about your age, Tom—"

"Don't want nothin' to do with him!" growled Tom.

"Nothin', or nothin', Tom?" queried Mrs. Popinjay.

"Nothin'!" said Tom, desperately.

"Well, well—where was I?" asked Mr. P.

"You just got to the little boy, papa!" simpered Angelina, taking her thumb out of her mouth and smoothing down her dress with delighted anticipation.

"Oh, yes; well, this little boy, he believed in fairies—"

"Worse yet," grumbled Tom, *sotto voce*.

"He believed in fairies, and so did the little girl; and the two used to go about looking for fairies' rings in the grass. And the little boy would say to the little girl:

"Minna—that was her name—'Minna, I think that one of these days we shall—we shall—'"

"Get married?" ventured Augustus.

"Oh, no, my son!—dear me, no! That don't come till the very last thing. He said to the little girl, as they were wandering in the fields: 'Minna, I think that one of these days we shall—'"

"Go fishin'?" suggested Tom.

"No, no!" cried his father, crossly, drowning Mrs. Popinjay's voice as she was about to propound the usual grammatical conundrum about *in* and *ing*: "He said to her, 'Minna, I think that one of these days we shall—find a fairies' ring.'"

"Why, that's what you said they were looking for before, pa!" cried Angelina, jumping out a little from her father's waistcoat and looking up in his face.

"I know it, pet, I know it," he replied, drawing her back out of sight again: "So they were. But this time he told her that he thought they would find one."

"You said it somewhat differently in the first place, Socrates," interposed his wife, gently.

"Well *what* did I say?" inquired the romancer.

"You said that they *used* to go about looking for fairies' rings in the grass, and the little boy *would* say to the little girl, etc.—leaving one to imply, from the grammatical construction, that the act was a habitual, not a particular one."

"Oh, *hang* the grammatical construction!" shouted Mr. Popinjay: "If you are going to criticize me the way you do, Tom, I'll be

blamed if I'll open my mouth to say another word."

[Tom's face, just at this moment, would have been an excellent sight for sore eyes.]

"Oh, well! Go ahead. I won't interrupt you again," piped Mrs. Popinjay, bowing her face to the unmentionables, and sawing off another thread with her savage white teeth.

"Well—where was I, anyway?" demanded Mr. Popinjay, pulling down his waistcoat and taking a new grip on the three children.

"You said that he said that he thought that they would find one," prompted Tom.

Mrs. Popinjay shivered all over, but, by a mighty act of will-power, forebore to speak.

"Well, yes—so they did; they found one!" continued Mr. Popinjay, with startling emphasis.

"Twa'n't where an old barrel-hoop had lain, was it?" queried Tom, seeing that his father was not inclined to continue immediately.

"No, it wasn't!" said his father, decisively: "It was a fairies' ring."

Silence reigned for several moments; silence

## A SIGN OF THE SEASON.



Spirit benign of bounteous Bock,  
Your signs symbolic shock  
The temperance man  
And joy the heart of the tomato-can

Tramp.

But when, in cellars damp,

I hear

The tapping of the precious keg, and see

Thy clear

And lucent amber 'neath its crest of foam,

I don't go home

Quite

So early as I might.

Thou comest in the springtime, with the floods,

And buds,

And suds

Wherewith our homes are made uncomfortable,

Far as our wives are able.

Thou rollest keg-borne through the higher ether,

Neither

Do we thy votaries omit to reel,

When, 'long about the tenth or twentieth glass,

We feel—

Well—let it pass.

Spirit benign of bounteous Bock,

So be it thou art not flat,

For then I'd hock

My hat.

V. H. D., P. P.

in which the long swishing sound of Mrs. Popinjay's thread was painfully audible, and the triumphant *twich, twich* with which she drove the needle through the coarse fabric. Finally the hush was timidly broken by Augustus.

"Is that all, paw?"

"Well, yes, my son; I guess that is sufficient for this evening," replied Mr. Popinjay, taking up the paper and hiding behind it.

"Didn't they get married, pa?" asked Angelina.

No answer.

"Yes, paw—didn't they?" persisted Augustus.

No answer.

"Say—paw!" The knees came together with a warning grip, then opened, and Augustus prudently walked out from their embrace. Angelina looked up at the unyielding canopy of paper above her golden head for a minute, and then slipped quietly down and followed Augustus. Tom alone remained. For a moment he seemed to be in doubt as to the proper course to pursue under the circumstances—but not long. Casting a quick glance up at the paper to see that there were no holes in it, he turned his face toward Augustus and Angelina with a sardonic grin, and elevating a very fat chubby nose with a very fat chubby thumb, performed a gesture known to childhood.

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THEY were an old couple coming east by the Michigan Central. When the brakeman announced: "Marshall—twenty minutes for dinner!" they both left the car and entered the eating-house. They had scarcely seated themselves at the table when the husband took out his old-fashioned bull's-eye watch, squinted at the time, and passed it to his wife with the remark:

"Now, I'll eat and you hold the watch, and if we get left it'll all be your fault. Sing out at the end of eighteen minutes."

And the good-natured old wife sat there without eating a mouthful, and timed him while he pitchforked everything within reach into his stomach.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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"Yes, sir, I do; I know him intimately; he and I were in a bank together at the same time."

"Ah, when was that?" was the question of a shrewd lawyer, who was counsel for the prisoner.

"Well, as near as I can remember, it was five years ago, and about three o'clock in the morning; none of the bank officers were present at the time."

The witness was speedily excused.—*Harlem Times*.

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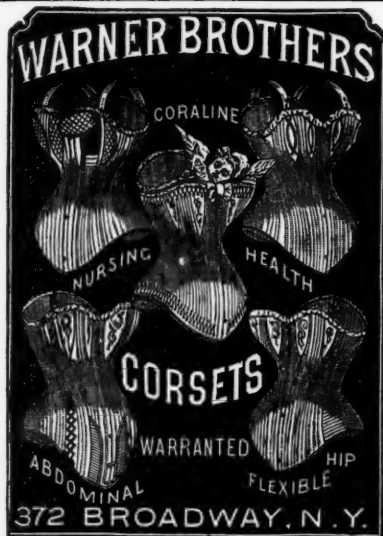
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A WESTERN paper announces the fact that  
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smokestack. That is nothing. We know of  
an engineer who turned on the steam.—*Phila.  
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can now go fishing and say they caught noth-  
ing.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

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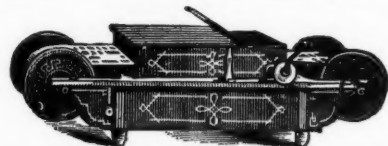
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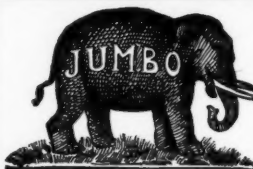
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—Eleanor Putnam, in Life.

DANIEL M. MULCAHY, of Cleveland, is puzzling the physicians of that city. Some years ago Daniel was troubled with insomnia—didn't sleep a wink for two or three nights at a time—and it was supposed he was fitting himself for a night editor. But now it is reported that he is making up for lost time, for he sleeps several days in one inning. We suspect he has abandoned the idea of becoming an editor of a morning paper, and is now qualifying himself for a position on the New York police force.—*Norristown Herald.*

IN WASHINGTON.—"What does that figure on the Capitol represent?"  
"Liberty."

"Female figure, is it not?"

"Yes."

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We learn from a fashion item that it is now the correct form to use a little pompadour slipper filled with white flowers, instead of the proverbial old shoe, to throw after the departing bride. From certain legends we have read, we infer that the new idea would be much safer than the old one at a Chicago wedding. The bride would be less liable to have her skull fractured.—*Norristown Herald.*

AN Ohio physician says that the fife, flute, cornet and other wind instruments, if played vigorously, will cure weak lungs. This may be true; but the man who tries the experiment may meet with a fatal accident before he effects a permanent cure, unless he resides on some isolated island in the Pacific Ocean.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

CUBAN affairs: Havana cigars.—*Utica Observer.*

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In the Circuit Court of Baltimore City. January Term 1883. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, vs. C. W. Abbott & Co. Edward Duffy, Judge. It is, this fifteenth day of January, in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-three, by the Circuit Court of Baltimore City, adjudged, ordered and decreed, that the respondent, Cornelius W. Abbott, his agents, employees, and servants be perpetually enjoined and restrained from using, or causing to be used, the form of labels now used by him, represented by complainant's exhibit, in the manufacture and sale of any preparation or article called **ANGOSTURA BITTERS**, or **ANGOSTURA AROMATIC BITTERS**, and from using, or causing to be used, any labels or wrappers, or any trade mark resembling or presenting a colorable imitation of the labels, or wrappers of the complainant's, described as complainant's exhibits, whether in style of engraving, printing or lettering, form or general appearance; and from vending or exposing for sale, or causing to be vendible or exposed for sale, any article of bitters contained in the old bottles of the complainant's, or any bottles or packages, having labels or wrappers made in imitation of, or resemblance to, the said labels or wrappers of the complainant's. Costs to be paid by said Respondent.



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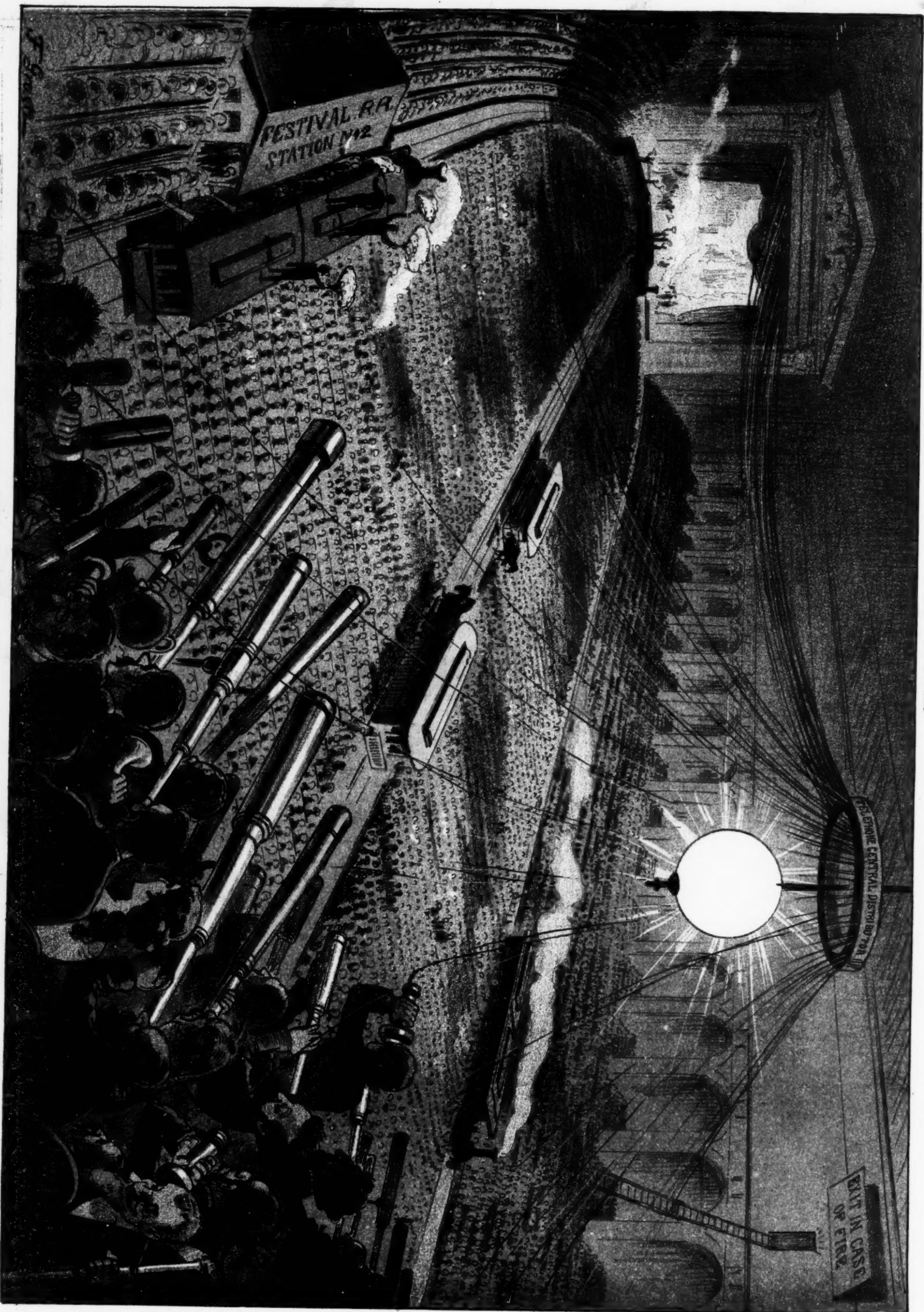
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